



Literary Supplement



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*"Enter Soldiers,
Etc"*

Graeme Taylor

WHEN the announcement is made that a Shakespearean company will come to Montreal there is some rejoicing among a certain small group in the city. But it is not the theatre-going class that is happily moved by the announcement. It is the erratic, hand-to-mouth-living persons who assist in these productions by bearing canopies, torches, litters and corpses, the extras, in short. They may earn from six to sixteen dollars a week for yodelling unintelligible cries from the wings or for tramping from one side of the stage to the other and back again representing the members of both rival armies.

Sometimes plays other than Shakespearean need supers. There were a number of supers in "The Green Goddess" and in "Old Bill, M.P." Even "Saint Joan" had a couple. The word that supers are needed circulates, and on Monday afternoon the applicants gather at the stage door. At one moment there will not be a sign of them and at the next a grimy looking horde will sweep around the corner. By the suddenness of their arrival you might think that they had come hurtling up through the sewers. If they see that there are only enough supers for the jobs they will band together and demand a higher wage. If there are many supers and only a few jobs the self-respecting ones scornfully disdain the small pay which the manager holds out. These old dogs then slouch off on their ways muttering that it isn't worth their time to work for such small money.

There are all types among the supers. But they are nearly all down-and-out. There was one odd fellow who used to be among the supers of Montreal but not of them. He held himself aloof. He used to wear a peculiar tail-coat with brass buttons. In his palmier days he had been a prize-fighter—135 pounds and once a headliner at the Tivoli in Paris. If you can visualize a sixteenth century pirate wearing a peak-cap with no clasp and a yellow belted overcoat you have some idea of what the "Tiger" looked like.

I shall explain why I called him the "Tiger." Last spring a stock company that was playing in Montreal decided to put on "Little Old New York." Now there is a boxing scene in "Little Old New York" and one of the boxers is called the "Tiger." This ex-pugilist played the part of the "Tiger" and everyone thought that the fight was most realistic. The "Tiger" himself was highly pleased when it received mention in the papers. What really gave it the effect of realism was that the "Tiger" had told the actor who was against him to hit out as he liked. The actor lashed out to his heart's content while the "Tiger" protected himself from the blows. The effect was undeniably good. There was one thing, however, that evoked much laughter from the audience. The crowd, supposedly of the lowly contemporaries of Washington Irving, was composed of a number of youths wearing suits with bell-bottom trousers and tuxedo vests—suits such a grace any East-end window with a placard labelling them "The Darb, \$27.50." The manager of the stock company had not thought it necessary to provide costumes for these supers

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I Saw a White Cloud

*I saw a white cloud like a cream puff in the sky
Floating, Oh so temptingly, a little bit too high,
But when I climbed a mountain it had turned into a peach,
And, Oh the pity of it, it was still just out of reach
So I scrambled up a cedar tree, and then I saw the view
Of hill and town and valley stretching far away and blue,
And forgot the clouds and heavens for the loveliness of earth,
And came down from the mountain with a wiser kind of mirth
Than that which seeks for beauty only in the skies,
And looked at lovely things again with wonder and surprise.*

—Jon Grahame

*The Man Who Became One
With the Universal Being*

A Review.

Mahatma Gandhi, by Romain Rolland, The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50

THIS little book of not quite two hundred and fifty pages of large print sketches the career of a religious teacher, and the course of an important political movement of which, through adventitious causes, he has become leader. It presents also a vivid contrast between the life and tendencies of the present age and the spiritual ideals which in and through Gandhi have been transfused into heroic and effective action, and which the author believes will some day lead the world into paths of sanity and peace.

Romain Rolland, the author of this work is famous for his great novel, *Jean Christophe*. He has also written biographies of several musicians, of which the best known is that of Beethoven. Remembering his biography of the pacifist, Tolstoi, and that during the Great War Rolland had to seek shelter in Switzerland on account of his own conscientious objections, we realize that his task in writing this work on the Indian Home Rule movement and Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was a congenial one.

A frail man, barefooted, clothed in a coarse white cloth, living on rice and fruit, drinking only water, working incessantly, sleeping little, gentle and courteous even to his adversaries, his whole expression one of infinite patience and love—"this is the man," says our author "who has stirred three hundred million people to revolt, shaken the foundations of the British Empire, and introduced into human politics the strongest religious impetus of the last two thousand years".

The name Mahatma which the people of India have bestowed on Gandhi means literally "great soul". It is used in the Upanishads in speaking of The Supreme Being—of those who through Truth and Love have become One with Him.

Gandhi was born in India in 1868. He was brought up by devout parents in the Hindu faith. He finished his education at University College, London, where he became familiar with the best western literature. After practising law at Bombay for a couple of years he went to South Africa where ultimately he threw in his lot with his persecuted compatriots, abandoning a lucrative clientele and all ties to live their life and share their trials. In their behalf he inaugurated the policy of non-resistance, a doctrine

which he claims to have conceived from reading the Sermon on the mount. After twenty years of persistence in this policy the obnoxious measures against the Indians in South Africa were repealed.

In 1914, with the prestige of a leader, Gandhi returned to India. The Nationalist movement had been initiated thirty years before, but the members of its congress, were not agreed as to whether independence or the Dominion system of government as in Canada should be sought. Gandhi favoured remaining in the Empire but he took no active part in the movement. He assisted the government during the great war as he had in the Boer war and in other emergencies.

After the war a great impetus was given to the home rule agitation through breach of promises actually made, and the non-realisation of benefits hinted at by the Government as rewards for assistance rendered during the war, and through the terrible slaughter in April 1919 of hundreds of innocent people met together at Amritsar in contravention, and in ignorance, of an order issued by General Dyer only the night before. In December 1919 a reform act was promulgated, but soon after became practically a dead letter. Doubtless there were reasons for this change in the Government's attitude, but they are not stated by the author, and no doubt they did not appeal to the sense of those who were deprived of the benefits of the act.

Later the peace conditions imposed on Turkey were published by the viceroy in a message in which he admitted that the terms were disappointing but advised the Moslems to resign themselves to the inevitable. "Then," says Rolland, "came the official report on the Amritsar massacre. It was the last straw. India's consciousness was aroused. All ties were broken".

In August, 1920, Gandhi returned his war medals to the viceroy—the first step in non-cooperation, a policy which includes the boycott of the law courts and government schools and the resigning of offices under the government. It did not include in this first stage the refusal to pay taxes. Beside these measures, others were adopted having for their purpose the amelioration of the general condition of the people. Despite the Government's support of the liquor dealers a vigorous campaign was inaugurated

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*Ensemble
Singing*

Howard Elliott

IT is regrettable that the teaching of singing is abandoned in the High Schools of our province and, for the most part, of our whole Dominion. In many schools the pupils engage in ensemble singing until they come to the end of the public school grades. At that time further instruction is very seldom available even for those who might wish to continue with it as an extra or an optional course. There is an unfounded feeling abroad among the boys that voice culture is effeminate and consequently to be undertaken only by the girls, while their elders take the position that it is unimportant and serves no utilitarian purpose. I am of course, aware of the fact that the attendant of a High School has to contend for a time with a voice that is uncertain in pitch—unnaturally gruff in the bass and breaking occasionally into a startlingly shrill falsetto that defies all concord.

The voice is the most elemental and the most natural means of music, and it is peculiar to man. Nature has not true music of her own. We have heard of the music of the brook, of the song of the nightingale, of the melodiousness of the skylark, but if we strip from these sounds all the glamour and associations of poetical fancy that envelop them we shall find that there is no music in them. The babbling of the brook is not essentially different from the roar of the rapid, but in the quiet of the countryside the gentleness and monotony of the sound blend with the peaceful landscape or the silence of the glades; the song of the nightingale is a single and not unpleasantly loud whistle, but imitated, as it can be, in broad daylight by a visible human performer the romance dies; the trill of the skylark can be reproduced so as to deceive the birds themselves with a whistle in a tumbler full of water. These are but sounds; one can hardly find in nature any example of Melody and certainly not of Harmony. There comes to my mind the song of our White-Throated Sparrow that might almost deserve the name of a melody, but here again if we were to isolate it from the associations that predispose us to be pleased with the result we would be completely disillusioned. The inaccuracies of intonation might make even an insensitive "ear" wince.

And yet there was provision for music in the constitution of the universe, as we can readily see when we consider the physical relations of the pleasing intervals of notes to one another. The aesthetic and the physical are here bound up with one another, and it is in man that we find the organ that can comply with these physical laws.

Now as music is not found in nature so it is not inherent in every man. This statement will no doubt be immediately challenged, and it would be well to remark that pure music and rhythm are separate, and because a person delights in the latest popular song, it does not signify that music is inherent in him. Ac-

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The Triumph of Quebec

DURING the campaign which preceded last Thursday's prohibition plebiscite in Ontario, the partisans of the O. T. A. pointed to the province of Quebec as a horrible example of a booze besodden community trying to drink itself out of debt. So terrifying a picture did they present that they succeeded in frightening the more gullible rural population of Ontario into sustaining their anti-liquor laws. This suggests an ironic train of thought. Quebec can well afford to smile. Who would grudge a few harmless slanders on our province so long as they suffice to keep Ontario dry? The advantages of being the only oasis in the arid desert of eastern America is worth more to Quebec than her good name. Think of the hosts of tourists who come to us every year with open hands and open mouths, patronizing our industries, our hotels, our theatres, our cabarets, our liquor commission stores. It would indeed be a sorry thing if Ontario should reject prohibition, and this golden stream be turned to Toronto. We in this province have every reason to be glad of the result of the Ontario plebiscite. Had it been otherwise, how could we again have jibed at "Toronto the Good"? The glory of Quebec and Montreal now renowned over the whole continent, would have had to be shared with the pious citizens of Ontario. The upholding of the O. T. A. is our triumph. We can still boast of being the one last stronghold of Freedom. We still have a monopoly on the tourist trade.

It must be a bitter thing for Toronto to have to submit to being called "the good." Her citizens now realize well enough the advantages of living in an oasis, and are more envious of Quebec than they have hitherto been willing to admit. Torontonians have no great liking for the patronizing way in which they are looked down upon by visitors from Montreal, who sometimes do them the favour of selling them a bottle of the real stuff at a very great price. And Toronto, too, would like to be a tourist's Mecca. Accordingly the Queen City and most of the other large centres decisively rejected the O. T. A. at the polls. It was the farmers and the women who saved the day for Quebec, and thanks to them we can still bask in the unique freedom of our province. But the majority was not nearly so large as we should have liked.

Is Dancing Immoral?

FOR years the Cercle Français has been devoting its best efforts to an exhaustive discussion of the sex question. Debates have been held and arguments propounded pro and con to decide whether man is or is not intellectually superior to woman, or whether college girls make better wives than do country lasses.

The night before last the members of the Cercle had another meeting at which they continued their probe. A debate was held, the subject of which was: "Resolved that dancing is immoral." The authority of popes and kings, college professors and Freudian psychologists was invoked, and the impassioned rhetoric of the affirmative won the decision. The Cercle Français—all honour to its fearless avowal of a principle—has decided that dancing is an immoral act. What is to be done about it? we may ask. We trust that all university dances will be cancelled, and so immoral a practice forbidden at McGill. At least no member of the Cercle should dance.

The Burke Recital

WE wish to recommend Edmund Burke's recital at the St Denis theatre on November the 17th not only because the affair is exclusively a McGill function, —a concert by a graduate of this university given under the auspices of the McGill Music Club— but also because of its intrinsic artistic merit.

Edmund Burke is considered by the critics, who were enthusiastic in praise of his work at Covent Garden and in Metropolitan Opera, New York, to be one of the greatest singers who have come out of Canada. Mr. Burke's recital here is a notable event in the musical history of McGill.

The Descent of a Poet

FROM the writing of lyrics of gripping beauty rich with that poignancy which is the essence of poetry and replete with gleaming symbols, to the scribbling of moral verses and pollyanna platitudes may seem a long road, but it is all down hill and Bliss Carman has covered the distance in the space of thirty years. The sign-posts along that way are many, but the two of deepest significance are inscribed "Low Tide On Grand Pre" and "Vistigia."

Between these two lies a quarter of a century of mental experience, the adventures and explorations that seem to have made of a good poet a mediocre philosopher. Is it possible that the Pipes of Pan are stilled forever, or is an echo of their aching sweetness to be caught between the lines of the later poems? There are some of us who are not yet ready to surrender Carman to the Canadian Authors' Association.

But whatever Carman may write during the next few years, however popular he may become with Rotarians and Young Ladies' Literary Circles, one thing is certain. With time the smoke of these later effusions will fade away and the sheer flame that illuminated the earlier works burn clearly in the twilight of Canadian literature.

The C.P.R. publicity poems will be forgotten, but "Pulvis et Umbra" will remain; the songs ground out in honor of our great and rocky west will die in the obscurity of the files of the "Vancouver Province" but "The Yule Guest", "At The Song of a Thrush", portions of "Death in April", certain of the "Songs From Vagabondia", will take their places among the permanent ornaments of English song, forming a sure foundation on which the reputation of Carman will rest.

For once having read who can forget—

"The sun goes down and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide."

To almost catch the throbbing ecstasies of summer twilight, of swinging tides; the wonder of the pendant moment snatched from time, to almost attain the unattainable, that is the achievement of this lyric.—
"One to remember or forget"

The keen delight our hands had caught."

These first few volumes are free from the blight of didacticism. As one turns their pages one finds lyrics that suffer from an over-abundance of sweetness, simple themes diluted through many rhythmically excellent stanzas, as though the poet had been carried away with the music of his verse, intoxicated, even as was Swinburne, with sweet words.

"Golden Rowan," "Marion Drury" and perhaps half a hundred others scattered through his early work were written purely because certain sound combinations happened to strike the poet's fancy. They are enjoyable and have a legitimate place in a volume of verse but he must remember to keep such poems within reasonable length and not let the refrain run away with him, for mere variation of pretty sounds quickly becomes wearisome to the reader and to some becomes nauseating.

But whatever the faults of these early poems there is always an ecstatic quality to outweigh them. The age-old Hymn of Flesh echoes with sharp or tender loveliness through stanza after stanza.—

"Come, for thy kiss was warm,
With the red ember's glare
Across thy folded arm
And dark tumultuous hair!"
Ah, not in dream at all,
Fleeting perishing dim,
But thy old self, supple and tall,
Mistress and child of whim."

When he probes into the mysteries beyond the doors of sense it is not with shut eyes and repetition of semi-religious incantations, but fearfully with spirit sensitive to all the horrors of that hinterland of the subconscious. "Behind the Arras" combines lyricism with introspective thought as do few of the great metaphysical poems. He has imprisoned an eerie, nightmare quality in stanzas such as the following;—

"There at the window many a time
of year
Strange faces peer,
Solemn though not unkind,
Their wits in search of something
left behind
Time out of mind;
"I hear thy footsteps on the gravel
walk,
Their scraps of talk,
And hurrying after, reach
Only the crazy sea-drone of the
beach
In endless speech."

Speculative but seldom didactic, this poem stands out strongly when compared with many weak abortions, and feeble echoes of worn-out melodies with which Carman, for a while at least, seemed satisfied.

It is useless to seek for the power of Carman's best poems in their technique. He adhered for the most part to simple forms, those that imposed not too severe a restraint upon the ready flow of his music.

He demonstrated in numerous instances that ability to give the final touch, to round off a lyric with a sudden turn of thought or vivid picture which is one of the most important factors in the making or marring of a work of art. The concluding stanzas of "The Northern Vigil", of "Pulvis et Umbra", of a select few of those admirable elegies which will someday be recognised as standing with the best memorial poems, prove this.

Rhyme seemed instinctive with him, yet on many occasions he demonstrated his independence of it, placing among his highest achievements a number of unrhymed lyrics. One of the few gleams in that volume entitled "Later Poems" is engendered by those four unrhymed sonnets which have been so widely quoted. Theirs is a restrained richness not common in the work of a poet with whom luxuriance and prodigality of musical words have become recognized stylistic characteristics. The quiet melody rings with such certainty through the lines that the ear forgets the expectancy of rhyme.

Perhaps Carman's defection from the service of lyric beauty is largely attributable to his allegiance to Browning.

Carman forgot his youth, forgot his pagan deliries, his unthinking song-service to tree and tide and luring flesh and set out to search for God, with a capital G.—He found him in all sorts of unexpected places one afternoon, as is chronicled in the poem "Vistigia" previously referred to. He found also that aggravating spirit of optimism which inspired Browning to inscribe those most smug of lines—

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."
And he wrote many simple and

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Brilliant Acting By Parisians In Modern Play

THE FRENCH players at the Orpheum are continuing their brilliant acting this week in *La Femme Nue*. This is a rather mediocre four-act melodrama by Henry Bataille. At the end of the week Berg op Zoom will be presented. This fortunately is a comedy by Sacha Guitry, and if the acting is as well done as it is in the present piece, it will be more than well worth seeing.

Both Henry Bataille and Sacha Guitry are in the front rank of present-day French dramatists. Their productions are put on the stage by the venerable theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin, and they appear in print in such magazines as *L'Illustration*. Henry Bataille is especially illustrious as a French dramatist, but *La Femme Nue* is certainly not one of his best works. The plot is weak, and the events depend, in a large number of cases, entirely on chance.

The saving of *La Femme Nue* from the gutter of the really impossible melodrama is the excellence of the company. There are approximately ten major roles in the play, and everyone is played by a master. M. Pierre Magnier acts the part of Pierre Bernier with perfection. He often saves a long melodramatic dialogue from becoming ludicrous. His portrayal of the emotions is certainly powerful, his perfect control of his voice is remarkable. The woman who does the part of the princess of Chabran is extremely good; her seemingly natural vivacity adds much to the natural zest of the performance. Above all, Andree Pascal, the woman of light character, the artist's model, the wife and mistress of Bernier, is supreme. Her simulation of distress and of elation is artistic in the extreme.

If it were not for the fourth and last act of *La Femme Nue*, it might be a great drama on its own merits. The affair starts out as a farce, and if it had remained so, I think that there would be no doubt of its success. In the last act (which, by the way, has a few bright spots) we find the suicidal heroine in a hospital ward. She admits that her greatest desire in the world is to be in her rival's place. This touch is worthy of the Russian drama, but the general effect is killed by the foolish ending of the act. As for acts I, II, and III, there is a vivacity of dialogue which in the mouths of the Porte St.-Martin actors become of absorbing interest. There is, in the first act particularly, a certain lightness of touch as well as a delicate gracefulness of manner which make up entirely for the author's defects in this play.

The Porte St.-Martin Theatre is more than a century old, and is now one of the first in Paris. The travelling players sent out from this theatre are among the best and most celebrated of France, and it is a cultural duty of Montrealers to support them in their efforts in this city. Some of their plays are old favorites, while others are modern successes; but in all of them one witnesses the highest grade of acting.

These players from the Theatre Porte St.-Martin have brought with them much elaborate, and evidently expensive, costumery and scenery. The best of taste always prevails in their use of such appendages to the modern drama.

Berg op Zoom, a four-act comedy by Sacha Guitry, will be presented during the latter part of the week.

—A. L.

Tuneful Score is Feature of Schubert Musical Play

THE time-honoured distinction between Classical and Popular music seems on occasions to be in danger of evaporating. The distinction, in the minds of some people at least, runs something like this. Music that was composed a fairly long time ago, that can be enjoyed only by the comparatively few "cultured" people, that can be heard only in concert Hall and Opera House, is Classical. Popular music, on the other hand, is the music that appeals to the people at large, that everybody sings on the way to work in the morning or around the fire at night, that can be heard in every Vaudeville theatre and, (we blush to say it), Burlesque Show. The corollary to this distinction is that classical music is good, and Popular music bad.

Every once in a while, however, we are obliged to face the disturbing possibility that such a distinction does not exist. It by no means follows because "the people" like a certain piece of music, that it must necessarily be bad, all the Banana songs to the contrary notwithstanding. Vox populi may not be Vox Dei, but it need not be Vox diaboli either. Personally, I should incline rather to the converse of the generally-accepted proposition about popular music. It is just that music which pleases the greatest

if delightful songs delightfully sung. The cast abounds in good voices.—Bertram Peacock as Schubert, Edith Thayer as Mitzl, Robert Rhodes as Shober, and Halina Bruzoon as Bellabruna, head a very capable list. The comedy is well taken care of by William Danforth.

The melodies have become very familiar to all of us since "Blossom Time" was first produced, but the audience was apparently far from tired of them, and insisted upon their very frequent repetition. The ever-popular Song of Love, Tell Me Daisy, Serenade, Keep It Dark, and others, were received with the acclaim which they richly deserve. Peggy O'Donnell contributed a dainty toe-dance to the "Moment Musical", and the chorus danced and sang in fine style. All in all, a very fine performance.

I have heard professional musicians speak of "Blossom Time" with tears in their eyes because of their sorrowful conviction that Schubert's immortal music has been degraded in the interests of popular taste. I fancy, however, that few will agree with this opinion. Most of us would rather incline to the belief that an excellent beginning has been made in the direction of introducing some very excellent music to people who would otherwise never come in contact with

To an Eagle

GALLANT lover of great spaces
Comrade of the stars,
Serene, swift rider in the sun,

Your prose is the stuff I dream.

But I hope that sometime
Scattering the meshes that bind me to the valleys,
Breasting through the virile currents of the winds,
Breathing secure in power and peace,
I too shall come home to the stars.

And if beyond this dream there are dreams
Let it be so, magnificent God!

—W. H.

number of people over the greatest length of time that most certainly deserves to be called good. The "classical" music that has already been tested by time owes its survival to the one fact that it continues to please. And the interesting thing is that when "the masses" are introduced to such music, they enjoy it just about as much as do the musically initiated.

"Blossom Time" is a case in point, although by no means the only one. Until a few years ago Schubert was for many people just one of those classical composers whose music they regarded themselves as congenitally incapable of appreciating. The announcement of a musical program in which his "Unfinished Symphony" and the "Marche Militaire" were to be featured, would have sent them scurrying around the corner to the moving picture house. These same people today sing the "Song of Love" and whistle the Serenade with at least as much enthusiasm as they formerly put into "The Curse of an Aching Heart" or "Mamma Loves Papa". And for this pleasing exchange, "Blossom Time" is responsible.

There is rather more plot to "Blossom Time" than to most musical shows, and there is also considerable comedy. None of those matter very much, however. The important thing is that here is a musical show which is really musical, and which is full

it. The process might profitably continue. There are a great many other composers whose music lends itself to a somewhat similar arrangement, and our musical life would undoubtedly be the richer for it. Until some new Gilberts and Sullivans arise to create splendid musical shows for us, we would be well advised to make good use of the music already at our disposal.

—O. K.

Invocation

GREY of the twilight, come,
Spread those wide wings above
our meadows: bring
Coolness and mist: make dumb
The jarring noise of day; and gently ring
Our woods and ponds with dimness:
take away
All busy stir, but let the grey owl sway
Noiselessly over the bow like a little ghost:
And let the cricket in the dark hedge sing
His withered note: and O Immortal Host,
Welcome this traveller to your drowsy hall.
And, standing at the porch, speechless and tall,
Close the great doors, shut out the world and shed
Your benediction on this drooping head.

—Martin Armstrong.

Cleverness Dominates Princess Bill

SOMETHING sometimes happens to the vaudeville acts coming to the Princess. In one week it may occur that through some oversight or mishap the show will lack balance, every number will be an excellent one, and instead of one, or at the most two, acts worthy of the "star-spot" the pleasantly surprised patron will be treated to as many as three stellar acts, and these topping a bill in which every act is above the average. This is what has happened this week. Of course the thing works both ways, and every show above the average means another one as far below. This week, however, we can heartily recommend the bill at the Princess. There is nothing very spectacular about it, but it is clever and goes with a swing, there are some pretty girls very much not elaborately gowned, some neat stepping and a little singing—what there is of it is good, and two divinely absurd comedians in the persons of Jack Munday and Billy Hallen to gladden the heart and tickle the ribs of even the most sedate. Taking it all round—an excellent show. Even the first act and the last act, the jugglers and tumblers, which one usually expects to be dull, afford the pleasant surprise of being less boring than usual.

The feature act is undoubtedly "Keyhole Kameos" with Jack Munday and Miss Leda Errol (a kinswoman of the great Leon, perhaps?). This is a fairly elaborate review, with a company of ten people, and in ten scenes. It has two great merits. It is supremely clever, and it is interpreted by a company clever enough to get the best of their vehicle. The scene entitled the "Thief of Badgags" is one of the wittiest things on the boards. The song-and-dance girls in the review have all the finest attributes of the chorus girl at her best—few clothes, fine limbs, and pretty faces. In addition they can dance well and sing almost as well, they have pleasing personalities and don't look tough in spite of the way they are dressed. That in itself is quite an achievement. One of them, in a scene called "The Morning Music Lesson" shows herself to be not only a clever comedienne but an exceptionally good pianist, and after some preliminary fooling gives a spirited, if unconventional, rendering of a Tchaikovsky concerto. Miss Errol also won laughter and applause.

Billy Hallen, who is an old friend here, wanders on to the stage, with a vacant look of incipient idiosyncrasy on his face, and a small hat on the crown of his closely shaven head, which wiggles inanely every time he opens his mouth. He has a way of telling jokes that is extremely telling, and a delicious song called "Its All Apple Sauce."

Gracie Deagon and Jack Mack have an amusing comedy act, in which Miss Deagon as a silly little flapper with a lithp wins well-deserved applause.

The Ed. Ford review is an exceptionally clever dancing act. Hazel Crosby sings well in a programme ranging from popular ballads to opera.

Marcelle and his trained sea lion though we found their act rather too long drawn-out won much hearty applause. Marcelle waived all credit for the success of their turn, and brought his partner before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the uncritical.

—A. J. M. S.

The Evasive Consonant

THE speech of most Americans and English speaking Canadians is tainted with the pronunciation of the "r" sound, where it appears in writing before consonants and at the end of words. It is to the manifest advantage of all who desire social elevation to learn to "drop their r's", for all cultured English people and most cultured Americans are quite innocent of the use of this letter, unless it is followed by a vowel. There was a time when all English people sounded the "r" wherever it is spelt, but it is said that it disappeared in the south of England during the eighteenth century; it now lingers only in certain wild regions of the North Country, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. About the same time this letter lost most of its value in the southern North American provinces of Great Britain.

Boston, which in the pursuits of its fastidious set is said to be about two generations behind the Mother Country, finally woke up to the fact that the strange treatment given the "r" by its rustic neighbors of Maine and New Hampshire had become the thing. This city, a delightful amalgam of a Celtic proletariat with an anglophile upper crust, was soon hard at work trying to leave out certain of its "r's." Finally the thing became automatic, but there is now the woeful confusion brought about by the attempt to emulate the British in the use of "r" to avoid hiatus. The Englishman of breeding never slides in an "r" which is not written, but the Bostonian says Mariar and Martha as well as Marthar and Maria. He says that he sawr a something-or-other, while he trembles at the very idea of it.

The city of New York is in a more hopeless mess than Boston. The denizen of the Bowery tells of being out of work and having to live on spiced ordure. Philadelphia, apparently is just beginning to drop its "r's." Chicago pronounces every "r" as yet, and what is more it does so with a sort of burr. The "r" of Montreal and Toronto is never left out and is never put where it does not belong; it is also less of a burr than that given to the consonant by Chicagoans, much less of a trill than that given it by the Scotch, and is very much of a gurgle. It is a sound which emanates from the throat and is a cross between a growl and a yawn. As far as I have been able to discover there are only two cases in Canada where one makes use of the gurgle where it does not appear in print; the rustic Canadian says "kharki" for "khaki" and "worsh" for "wash". (Canadian speech differs from most American dialects in its absence of drawl, general rapidity of utterance, liberty from the frightful noises produced by the physiological act of nasalisation. One must not omit to add, however that the latter practice is affected in some regions of Ontario and the Maritime Empire.)

It is often objected that such a discussion as the above is of absolutely no utility and is without any aim whatever. The first contention is granted, but the second is doubtful. Will not phonetics some day be as exact a science as biology or even chemistry? If there is no possible chance of this, then the only excuse to be offered is that we are dealing with a pathological phenomenon. Years ago someone, probably some innocent Athenian, discussed a minute question of pronunciation. The disease was conveyed and has come down to us as a rampant plague. Happy the one who is immune from its contagion!

—Alan B. Latham

The Man who Became One with the Universal Being.

(Continued from page one)

against the drink evil, steps were taken to intensify and regulate national spinning and weaving and thus to produce home made goods instead of importing machine made goods.

Dissatisfied with the more or less antiquated colleges dependent on the government, Gandhi founded in 1921 a National university whose ideal should be to build a new culture based on the treasures of Sanscrit and Arabic literature and enriched by later experience. Future hopes are for the establishment of high schools through which the cleavage between the educated and the uneducated may be bridged.

But the foundation of all his activities, the keystone of his life, the main-spring of all his purposes is to be found in his religious faith. His training school at Ahmedabad binds the teachers by austere vows which must be acted upon in their strictest sense. These institutions might rather be called monasteries for the training of apostles to be sent forth to build a new India.

The author sympathetically explains Gandhi's conceptions concerning the chief tenets of Hinduism—tenets so strange to the Western mind, and yet so highly praised by certain western writers who have made their acquaintance. Schopenhauer, for instance, speaks of the Upanishads "as the most profitable and the most elevating reading which is possible in the world"—exaggerated praise perhaps, but surely condemnatory of those who, without acquaintance with these treasures, look down upon those who are born and bred in the Hindu faith.

The author is perhaps right in thinking that the caste system is more difficult for the European or Western mind to grasp than is the idea of fellowship with all living creatures; but according to Gandhi's view, caste is a division of vocation, neither conferring privileges nor based on notions of Social Superiority, but defining duties; and it is incumbent on every one to treat others courteously to whatever class they may belong. Notwithstanding the restriction of passage from one caste to another there remains ample scope for ambition within the limits of each caste and it may well be that the restriction of passage from one caste to another was deliberately devised to give peace and stability to the nation, to lessen the fever and the fret of worldly ambition and to bestow on individuals the inestimable gift of contentment.

Among other of Gandhi's untiring activities is his effort to improve the condition of the pariahs, the untouchables. "So long," he says, "as Hindus regard untouchables as part of their religion, so long Sevarj (Home rule) is impossible of attainment. India is guilty. England has done nothing blacker." He would give up his religion, he says, if it can be proved that "untouchability" is one of its dogmas. Unable to wait for the privileged classes to condescend to make good their cruelty, he placed himself at their head and tried to instil self-confidence in them and fill them with his own burning zeal. His efforts, according to Rolland, have met with success in many parts of India and Gandhi believes that this class will shortly win the place it deserves in the great Indian family.

Gandhi's aims are by no means simply nationalistic. "The surging spirit of Asia, is to become the vehicle for 'a new ideal of life and death, and what is more, of action for all humanity.' In this proud aim Ta-

"Enter Soldier, Etc".

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and they had tried to supply this deficiency by ruffling their hair and turning their coat collars up. One even, if I remember rightly, turned his coat inside out. But this stragem was obvious, at least to the male portion of the audience.

To return to the "Tiger," on summer nights he could be seen strolling along St. Catherine street clothed in the fine raiment he had bought with his takings. In fine weather he used to wear white flannel pants, fancy shoes and a splendid blue coat, while topping it all was a straw hat resplendent with a gorgeous colored ribbon. He soon made friends with the doorman at the theatre and used to slip in shortly after the rise of the curtain. I suppose he liked to sit in the audience and fancy how he had looked when he had been up there on the stage in his boxing tights.

I don't know whether the "Tiger" is able to read or not but I sincerely hope that he never reads this. If I met him on the street I could run, but in a hallway it might be more difficult to escape.

All supers are by no means so interesting as the "Tiger" but there are many entertainingly childish ones. If a newspaper in a review of a play refers to the able handling of the mobs or to their realistic appearance the members of the aforementioned mob collect around that one of their comrades who is fortunate enough to possess both a knowledge of reading and a five-cent newspaper. They clap and stamp when the reader comes to the complimentary sentence and declare that the manager should give a dinner for them.

I will set down a conversation which I overheard. Two supers were discussing the difficulty actors have in memorising their parts. As the production in which they were assisting happened to be opera their thoughts turned to that. "But" said one, "if he learns one opera he knows them all." He seemed to think that in all operas there were set forms of unintelligible gibberish and equally unintelligible song and that to produce the differences called for by the name on the bill-board all that the singer had to do was change his costume and vary his actions.

The companion of this flowering intellect showed perhaps even more astonishing stupidity. His scornful eye fastened upon the ushers who were closing the exits to the fire escapes in the second balcony. "The crazy fools" this one said; "nobody can see in through there."

I once saw another super put into a state of extreme excitement when he gore and Gandhi agree. "We in India," writes Tagore, "must show the world what this truth is which not only makes disarmament possible but transmutes it into strength. India's destiny is bound up in soul force, not in muscles. It must uplift human history, transport it from the confused valley of material struggles to the high plateaux of spiritual battles."

The world stands today at the epochal edge of new beginnings. The humble and meek oppose themselves to strong government and stronger vested interests, but this book warns that they have donned an invisible armour and are guarded by the divine.

The author's ardent sympathy for the ideals of Gandhi do not entirely blind him to the great hazard of the future. Will England have gathered from the past wisdom to mold the aspirations of the people of India? Will the people of India remain true to these ideals? Rolland asks, but the future alone can answer, and upon that answer vital issues hang.

—O. S.

A Fig From a Thistle

My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night;
But, O! my foes, and O! my friends,
It gives a lovely light.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay,

The Descent of a Poet

(Continued from page two)

harmless ditties that caused the great public to clap their hands, that eventually even reached the Canadian standard of poetry and resulted in a group of Montreal school-children crowning him with a wreath of maple leaves while the Ritz-Carlton echoed the plaudits of the assembled members of the Canadian Authors Association.

But do not let us abandon hope. Carman has occasionally found the strings even in this dark period and struck chords that will live. "Easter Eve", shows that he can impart an exclusive beauty and a strength to these later intellectual adventurings. And looking back upon the glories gone I think we are justified in feeling that Carman has not been speaking with his full utterance of late and that he may yet return to the old speech.

—G.M.

Ensemble Singing

(continued from page one)

tually melody and harmony and rhythm are the components of the typical composition, but one must separate them in the analysis of their effects upon the auditor. Rhythm is certainly inherent in the normal man, but music is an art and must be developed.

Then unaccompanied voices singing in harmony there is nothing more stirring and uplifting under heaven. In the words of a recent article in the London Morning Post, "The finest musical training undoubtedly lies in concerted singing."

heard that he would have to wear a costume. He looked as though he had once been a clerk, or perhaps a book-keeper. When he had recovered somewhat from the tremendous shock caused by this announcement he found some comfort for his outraged dignity in this remark he made to a companion: "Well anyway, it's a clean show."

I have to report that I have never been able to find any verification of that legend of the college students who electrified the audience at a performance of "Julius Caesar" by giving a McGill yell over the dead body. But whenever there are any supers in the show the manager and actors are uneasy until the final curtain has gone down. For at any moment a super may make some startling "faux pas." If his legs are bared he will probably amble on wearing a pair of delapidated pink garters. If he is wearing sandals he will lose one or both, while through the folds of his antique costume the acute observer may perceive very modern suspenders and very unclean woollen underwear.

As far as his acting ability is concerned the super admits his inferiority. But he is not easily awed when professional position is put aside and he stands as a man among men. On Sir John Martin-Harvey's last visit to Montreal a superbly impudent super stepped up to him at the close of a performance and said: "I seen you twenty-five years ago Sir John and I want to congratulate you on the improvement."

To the credit of "England's foremost romantic actor" let it be here recorded that he took it sportingly and thanked the man without any affectation.